The Room

lonely sad imprisoned

29 0 2

Chapter 1 by Otto Helen-Goldring

I suddenly snapped awake. Getting up from the floor, I observed the poorly-lit room surrounding me to find a small bed, so small that possibly a child would have trouble fitting in. The room was also very cramped, with little space to move. When trying to remember what had happened, nothing came back to me. I couldn't even remember my name, let alone how I had got into this situation in the first place. I tried screaming, however the calls only seemed to echo inside the room. I was lost and desolate and just needed someone here with me.

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